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NEW ROSCIAD:

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A P O E M.

Virtue is Pain
& Virtue



W. A. P.

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NEW ROSCIAD:

A T O E M



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HODGKINS

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

1850

T H E

NEW ROSCIAD.

GARRICK deceas'd, each high-aspiring play'r
Asserts pretensions to the vacant chair ;
That chair which Roscius fill'd for thirty years,
Whose wond'rous powers drew forth the artless tears
From Sylvia's eyes ; whose melting softness stole
Like magic's sweet enchantment through the soul ;
When Hamlet's deep distress, or Lear's sharp woes,
Rent the swol'n heart, big with compassion's throes.
'Twas his alike to give the healing balm,
And Abel Drugger broke the tragic charm.
What though no Garrick charms the present age,
Shall fashion's voice revile the well-trod stage ?

B

Fashion,

Fashion, that empty name, which fools adore,
 That prompts the modest dame to turn rank whore ;
 Fashion, that dazzling gewgaw, which ensnares
 From virtue's paths the raw unthinking heirs ;
 That eyes all solid learning as a jest,
 Terms Boswell pedant, Johnson a brute beast ;
 That guides those raptures Chloe oft bestows
 On eunuchs' squeaking, or on Vestris' toes :
 Shall then this phantom, trifling, light, and vain,
 Pretend to guide when reason holds the rein ;
 When judgment clear, with an impartial eye,
 Shews where the faults, and where the virtues lie ;
 Points out to each the merit he deserves,
 From both extremes the actor's fame preserves ?
 Sooner shall war commence with France or Spain,
 And Britain lose her empire o'er the main ;
 Sooner shall these three realms Charles Fox obey,
 Or Hastings yield to Burke's imperious sway ;
 Sooner Clarissa shall forget the day
 When to the vows of man she fell a prey ;
 Sooner shall Shock be missing in the Mall,
 And unattendant on Belinda's call.

Judgment

Judgment alone points out the road to fame,
And proves that fashion's but an empty name.

In days of yore, when great Lycurgus' fame
Rais'd from obscurity the Spartan name,
Each hardy youth, bred up in Mars's field,
Savage in fight, unknowing how to yield,
At stated times the mock encounter tries,
And nobly toils to gain th' Olympic prize,
While the calm judges, with attentive cry,
Declare for him whose merit they descry ;
Thus shall the critic, true to nature's laws,
Decide for him who gains his just applause.

COLMAN, as judge, advances first his claim ;
Long has the world confess'd his settled fame ;
Of judgment cool, well skill'd in classic lore,
Refin'd and polish'd from taste's purest ore ;
Learn'd, not pedantic—witty, not severe—
Through happy mediums still his choice to steer.
Next SHERIDAN, the brighter Congreve of his time,
Whose wit shines equally in prose and rhyme ;

He long hath scorn'd the business of the stage,
 Far other thoughts his soaring mind engage,
 On Tully's wing pursues his daring flight,
 And bawls for liberty with all his might.
 Shall party fetters so debase my soul,
 Or fear of censure my firm will controul,
 As not to give, in these degenerate days,
 When merit's scarce, true genius its just praise?
 What should I fear? I ne'er transgress'd the laws;
 I ne'er was pleader in a villain's cause*;
 I ne'er accus'd an honest upright man,
 Who form'd his life on virtue's noblest plan;
 As Heaven's my judge, I'd ne'er forsake my friend,
 My wife or children's scanty meal to mend*.
 In either party good and ill prevail,
 Throughout the world poor human nature's frail;
 Thy choice, my Sheridan, I ne'er can blame,
 The House of Commons is the road to fame.

* Alluding to some late transactions of two Honourable Members of the
 House of Commons.

Sheridan from several sources gains applause ;
 Colman's best skill'd in the dramatic laws,
 Mellow from age, from ripe experience cool,
 He'll judge minutely by theatric rule ;
 To him belongs to fix th' important choice,
 Judge he's declar'd by every actor's voice.
 With look august he sends his dread commands
 To each bold leader of the play-house bands ;
 Let them, he cries, put in each one his claim,
 Strive for the vacant chair, a noble game..

Old Drury's sons first form th' important ring,
 Bold and undaunted, led by General KING.
 KING ! in whose face the Comic Muse displays
 Her wond'rous powers—he long hath worn the bays ;
 View his dry phiz, his leer and arch grimace,
 His visage firm, adorn'd with triple brags ;
 The batter'd rake, which Colman's fancy drew
 From nature's genuine colours, shines in you ;
 The trembling limbs, that scarce their weight sustain,
 The loosen'd fibres rack'd with deadly pain,

The

[6]

The mind still harping on those long-lost joys,
 Whose fatal sting the body's health destroys,
 Deadens those powers which God and nature gave,
 And brings its votaries to an untimely grave.
 If, as 'tis said, the giddy thoughtless rake
 From sad example may due warning take,
 'Tis your's to hold the mirror to his view ;
 If he has feeling, he 'll be warn'd by you.

Bless'd with those gifts that nature's sons adorn,
 A speaking eye and a majestic form,
 See K E M B L E ! whose superior merits claim
 Those just applauses due to rising fame.
 What heart but feels the sympathizing glow,
 At wrong'd Othello's, or at Hamlet's woe ?
 How dread surprise benumbs each frozen vein,
 When to your view appears the ghastly Dane !
 Such sounds of woe assail th' attentive ear,
 As Garrick's self might not disdain to hear.
 The shock of envy may'st thou feel unmov'd,
 The world may blame, but Johnson once approv'd*.

* Mr. Kemble's elocution, and powers of acting, were much approved of by the late Dr. Johnson.

Drury's great hero, SMITH, comes thundering on,
 Pursu'd by trumpet, clarion, sword, and drum ;
 All warriors sure to him the palm must yield
 In Birnam Wood, and Bosworth's tented field ;
 With eyes aghast he scours th' embattl'd plain,
 Bets at Newmarket—fights at Drury Lane.
 Loud as a parish bull he calls his horse,
 The foldiers gaping o'er each breathless corse ;
 Th' affrighted beast scarce answers by a neigh,
 Scar'd by his voice, it flies in haste away.
 When stung by conscience' wound, the fell Macbeth
 Feels keen remorse for good King Duncan's death,
 What frog-like anguish shakes his tortur'd soul !
 His hair stands upright, and his eye-balls roll.
 But though Melpomene rejects his cause,
 From Thalia's court he strict attention draws,
 Of easy manners, skill'd in learning's page,
 With all those arts that charm a well-bred age,
 The pleas'd spectator seldom fails to see
 Lord Townley, Clifford, Surface, shine in thee.—
 In private life thy virtues stand confess'd
 By all who know thee, and who love thee best.

That

That heart is thine which wakes at friendship's call,
 Belov'd by many, and esteem'd by all.—
 Forsake the buskin, Smith, a long-lost game ;
 Stick to the sock, thine only road to fame.

With self-sufficient strut, and jaunty air,
 Next PALMER comes ! the favourite of the fair !
 No man like him, with Proteus' skill endow'd,
 In various parts contents the listening crowd.
 Stern Dionysius now provokes the fight ;
 Next Captain Bobadil appears in fight ;
 All men agree, that, in this latter age,
 Palmer's the first of villains on the stage.

With solemn steps, and awe-commanding face,
 Lo ! BENSLEY midst the tragic band demands a place ;
 Of feeling void, yet 'tis by all confess'd,
 For cooler judgment he's esteem'd the best
 On Drury's boards, and to the critic's ear
 Acts with propriety Horatio, Pierre ;
 Clear of stage tricks, he studies well his part,
 Pleases the ear, but seldom moves the heart.

As

As some poor counsel at the bar contends
 To share that honour which alone descends
 On Mansfield's brows ; rous'd by the scent from far,
 Led by the light of the Siddonian star,
 Comes BRERETON !—'twas Siddons bade thee shine,
 She drew just pathos from thy secret mine ;
 In Jaffier's eyes descry'd that melting ore,
 Which no one single soul e'er saw before :
 She, like Prometheus, soon found out the way
 To touch with heav'nly fire a lump of clay.—
 To play the Critic's part is all in vain,
 While madness dwells on thy distemper'd brain ;
 But when mild reason reassumes her throne,
 His pen perhaps may not thy powers disown.

True Irish born, in Cork's dear city bred,
 Lo ! MOODY comes, with Bacon's brazen head ;
 " Upon my shoul ! " cries Teague, with dauntless stare,
 " I come amongst you here to claim the chair."
 If Irish parts alone could claim the throne,
 Then is that honour, Moody, all thine own.

Next BANNISTER the Younger, Nature's child,
 A genius bright, irregular, and wild.
 See him in tragedy rant, storm, and rave !
 Then in the farce a party-colour'd knave,
 Of judgment void, yet prodigal of wit !
 In Smirk, Shift, Gradus, Wiskerandos, Dick.—
 Let not ambition teach thee to abuse
 Thy comic powers, nor court the tragic muse ;
 The sock is thine, so keep thy proper station,
 But chiefly build your hopes on imitation.

What petit-maître, trifling, pert, and vain,
 By tinsel frippery hopes to raise his name ?
 'Tis D O D D ! with long cravat, and pigeon wing,
 A hopping, skipping, prattling, little thing ;
 A fop in miniature, with studied ease,
 A gaudy insect fluttering at a breeze.
 What madness, Dodd, possess'd thy empty brain,
 When first you hop'd the vacant seat to gain ?
 Or how could'st thou presume the stage to tread,
 With all these imperfections on thy head ?

Poudre

Poudre or pomade will ne'er the chair obtain—
On these alone you build your fleeting fame.

What low buffoon is this comes staggering on,
With antick gestures, full of vulgar fun ?
'Tis PARSONS! sure the Gods' delight he is,
From the arch twist of his contorted phiz.
Pray tell me, Parsons, how it comes to pass
You think the critic such an arrant ass,
As to presume, in this enlighten'd age,
To drive all sense and reason from the stage ?
For low buffoonery, and vacant stare,
Are only fit for Aftley's, or Rag Fair.

What skipping Frenchman's that I yonder see,
From top to toe, Sirs, *a-la-mode de Paris* ?
'Tis BADDELEY himself, upon my word,
Whose rich soup-meagres much delight afford ;
In Canton he such worthy praises bore,
Such high applause—his lordship scarce had more.
Scandal's gay School fresh secrets discloses,
The light-heel'd Frenchman's chang'd to Master Moses ;

But Jew or Frenchman, Valet or old Drone,
He shines alike ; the humour's all his own.

What crowds on crowds of underlings appear,
Who ne'er provok'd the laugh, or drew the tear !
Your Waldrons, Barrymores, and such like faces,
With several others, form the group of asses.

From Covent Garden now fresh heroes roll,
Pursu'd by truncheons, daggers, sword, and bowl.

First MACKLIN comes ! a sage of ancient fame,
Alike the first in age, as well as name :
The knife he grasps to shed his brother's blood,
And glut his vengeance in the crimson flood ;
Chill horror seizes ev'ry honest heart
To see thee, Macklin, act so well thy part :
When you present the infernal blade to view,
You're not the actor, but the cruel Jew ;
If this will give thee pleasure, all agree,
Garrick ne'er look'd so villain-like as thee.

Oh !

Oh ! let me now one mournful tribute pay
 To real worth, untimely snatch'd away ;
 To him whose heart no selfish views could bind,
 Which flow'd in copious streams for all mankind ;
 Whose open hand relief to mis'ry gave,
 " And kept one aged parent from the grave."
 Yes, long-lost HENDERSON, o'er thy early bier
 The forrowing muse shall drop the balmy tear.
 What man, like thee, since Garrick's golden age,
 Could scan so well great Shakespeare's learned page ;
 With so much justness paint the woes of Lear,
 The tricks of Falstaff with his mad compeer ?
 Oft have I mark'd thy eloquence divine
 Bestow fresh vigour on th' emphatic line ;
 Thy wit so keen, so pointed, yet so chaste,
 Of nice discernment, and judicious taste ;
 But for thy aid the world might ne'er have known,
 That Child of Pathos* nature calls her own.

* Mr. Henderson was the person who first introduced Mrs. Siddons on the Bath stage.

Thy funeral pass'd, poor Trim was greatly mov'd,
 And Uncle Toby mourn'd the man he lov'd;
 Le Fevre too, worn out by lengthen'd grief,
 Let fall one tear at thy untimely death*.
 Excuse this eulogy—but 'tis rare to find
 The worthy man and perfect actor join'd.

Swift fly, my muse, from this sad mournful scene,
 To those fair fields where Isis rolls his stream;
 Where Nature sits majestically wild,
 Watching with anxious care her darling child,
 Her much-lov'd HOLMAN! round whose youthful brow,
 From Avon's side, the brightest laurels grow;
 Creative Fancy leads him to her bowers,
 And strews his bright career with all her flow'rs;
 The youth, aspiring on the stage to shine,
 And catch one spark of Garrick's warmth divine,
 From Isis' banks intrepid winds his way,
 His eager soul admits of no delay,

* Alluding to Mr. Henderson's readings in Free Mason's Hall.

Midst Covent's buskin'd sons inlists his name,
 Where emulation points the road to fame.—
 When Werter's woes thy impassion'd soul possess'd,
 How throb'd with sorrow ev'ry feeling breast !
 What plaudits loud thy high deserts proclaim,
 When air-drawn daggers 'fright the guilty Thane !
 Who can refuse to shed the tender tear,
 When Romeo sad hangs o'er his Juliet's bier ?
 Powers such as yours no calumny need fear,
 Malice' weak voice, or envy's poignant sneer.
 O'er passion's throes let judgment calm preside,
 In ev'ry part let nature be thy guide ;
 Beware of too much warmth—thy ardent soul,
 Fir'd by the scene, bursts forth without controul,
 Improve this hint. Lo ! Shakespeare, from the skies,
 Beholds in thee a second Garrick rise.

Next POPE appears, fresh from Hibernia's shore,
 With strength of voice well given to rant and roar !
 By true bombast he charms the list'ning crowd,
 While dogs bark at him as he howls aloud *.

* Alluding to a circumstance which happened to Mr. Pope on his first benefit night, when he played Othello.

And yet some honest critics will agree,
 The soul of Spranger Barry moves in thee ;
 In Oroonoko, feelings you have shown
 Such as the tragic muse may deem her own :
 But then the awkward strut, and stiff address,
 Drive from our thoughts those feelings you possess ;
 And then in judgment you so often err,
 We've seldom seen you act in character.
 However great thy faults, yet ne'er repine,
 Feelings like yours, in spite of rubbish, shine ;
 Time and close study may thy taste improve,
 And all thy present failings will remove.

The son of Fashion now, and comic smiles,
 Whose lively wit the tedious hour beguiles,
 Appears in view ; 'tis LEWIS that I mean,
 Whose sprightly sallies grace the comic scene ;
 All sons of taste his wond'rous skill declare
 In Ranger, Marplot, Doricourt, Bellair ;
 To finish well the piece he never fails,
 In Michael Perez, and the Prince of Wales ;

In

In Wildair, Foppington, most men agree,
Woodward was ne'er a greater fop than he.

Next WROUGHTON comes, than whom no actor
claims

More just rewards for all his care and pains ;
No play'r now more justly can impart
Such tender feelings from an honest heart :
When manly sense, and gentlemanly ease,
Unite at once, they seldom fail to please ;
In Fidelia's father he has gain'd renown,
And Raymond's quick sensations were his own.

But who comes here, so dapper, short, and thick ?
It surely can be none but little QUICK !
He's just the thing each author's fancy drew,
The fluttering lawyer, and the cunning Jew ;
Is'n't he, ladies, a tight little fellow,
An apple-dumpling, Signior Punchinello ?
For action chaste he just applause deserves,
Between th' extremes, his humour well preserves.

What son of Humour's this comes tripping on,
 The prince of laughing comedy and fun?
 'Tis Lingo, on my life! with *Hic hoc horum*,
Domine Felix, jiggo populorum!
 When EDWIN acts, no mortal, for his soul,
 Can keep his muscles firm, he is so droll;
 The grave, the gay, in his just praise unite,
 And thundering plaudits end the chearful night;
 If in your breast some cares conceal'd should lay,
 One look from Edwin drives them all away;
 On ev'ry face incessant laughter hung,
 To hear the precious nonsense from his tongue:
 Through him, how many authors rais'd their name!
 O'Keefe to Edwin owes his well-earn'd fame;
 The fate of many hangs on thee alone,
 And laughing Momus owns thee for his son.

Next full-mouth'd FARREN comes, with tragic pace,
 Of awkward manners, but a meaning face;
 With pompous gravity his accents roll,
 That shew the cool emotions of his soul;

His elocution just—yet much I fear
He ne'er will rise beyond a *decent* Lear.
By close attention he may gain renown
From grocers, mercers, in a country town.

Next AICKEN comes, with speech correct and just,
Seldom delights, but never gives disgust;
For modest sense *he* merits common praise,
Who ne'er attempts too high his powers to raise.

As the loud herald sounds the trump of fame,
First of the female throng the beauteous FARREN came.
If form, if fashion, elegance, or ease,
Alone possess'd the wond'rous power to please,
Well to the throne, dear girl, might'st thou aspire,
Borne by such gifts above the female choir.
Within her breast the ambush'd Cupids lie,
The Loves and Graces wanton in her eye;
The modish wife, which Brinsley's pencil drew
From nature's purest fountain, shines in you;

In Burgoyne's sprightly dame well pleas'd we see
 The gay coquet and girl of sense agree.
 If, by mere chance, one look you should bestow
 On simp'ring nobles in the side-long row,
 Such wond'rous arts of pleasing you possess,
 Your powerful charms oblige us to confess,
 That "If to her share some female errors fall,
 "Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

Untaught to flatter, may the generous muse
 To youthful genius ne'er due praise refuse :
 With modest caution BRUNTON treads the stage,
 To rise the future Cibber of the age.
 Scarce seventeen years their fust'ring furs had shed,
 When brightest laurels crown'd thy aspiring head ;
 What warmth of natural feeling you disclose
 In Juliet's sorrows, poor Monimia's woes !
 In every gesture, word, and look, appears
 The cooler judgment of maturer years.
 Thus, when enliven'd by the earth's moist ground,
 The fragrant blossoms shed their sweets around,

Day

Day after day the fair creation grows,
Till warn'd by time, in full perfection glows!

Worn out by illness, see yon faded form,
For whose decline the sons of Genius mourn !
'Tis YATES ! the bright remains of merit we descry,
The boundless fire still flashes from her eye ;
The purest eloquence and pathos join'd,
Bespoke the strong emotions of her mind ;
Braganza's Duchess ne'er shew'd half her worth,
As when for Bellamy her powers shone forth *.
O'er thy wan frame self-ease her mantle throws,
The brightest gift that charity bestows ;
These eyes delighted saw the applause thou won,
And crown'd the glories of thy setting sun.
The once-fam'd soldier, tir'd with war's alarms,
Oppress'd by years, with grief lays down his arms ;
If he but hear the glorious trumpet sound,
Flies his retreat, and scours th' ensanguin'd ground ;

* Mrs. Yates, some time after she had left the stage, generously performed the part of the Duchess of Braganza for Mrs. Bellamy's benefit.

Strong in his country's cause, he gains the day,
'Midst loud huzzas conveys the spoils away.

What child of Sorrow's this, whose pathos lorn
Wakes the fine nerve where every feeling's born ;
Whose very look denotes the inmost throes
Of deep-wrought misery, and heart-rending woes ?
Pity's own POPE ! whose strains pathetic prove
The dire effects of disappointed love !—
What deep affliction shakes thy grief-wrought soul
When to your lips you raise the poison'd bowl !
With what keen anguish your poor bosom's torn,
When Narbonne leaves you helpless and forlorn !
When lost Cordelia wanders from her home,
Thy filial woe would melt a heart of stone !—
High in the list thy name must ever stand,
Firm and unmov'd, amidst the tragic band.

Lo ! CRAWFORD comes, than whom a soul more
vain
Never appear'd to grace the ranks of fame ;

Will

Will she, who ne'er can hope in eloquence to rise,
 Presume with Siddons to dispute the prize?
 Without one grain of judgment, can she claim
 'Mongst Thespis' children an establish'd name?
 Of elocution quaint, yet full of fire
 When lustful Phædra darts her vengeful ire;
 In parts where reason is in passion lost,
 And the big soul by furious tempests tost,
 Crawford, you once had merit; but 'tis flown—
 You ne'er can please, because your fire is gone.

Born with one spark of Powell's deathless flame,
 WARREN on Covent's boards aspires to fame;
 With natural grace, and elegance of mien,
 She calls down plaudits in each sprightly scene;
 In More's Elwina she superior shone,
 And all her father's feelings were her own.

Next WELLS appears, in innocence array'd,
 As though she'd never been by man betray'd.
 Oh! Cowslip, say, by what all-powerful charm
 Poor Cudden's bosom felt the fond alarm?

'Twas

'Twas by that smile, whose rustic softness stole
The tender secret from his love-sick soul.

See lovely CROUCH ! sweet syren of the stage,
Whose bright attractions all men's hearts engage !
If Venus' handmaid, dress'd in Nature's smiles,
All that the fickle breast of man beguiles ;
If beauty's kindling beams could e'er impart
The softest wishes to the tenderest heart ;
Then must we, Crouch, confess thy potent charms,
And sigh to clasp thee in our longing arms.
What sensibility sparkles from those eyes !
At ev'ry glance th' enraptur'd captive dies ;
With what pure softness heaves that snowy breast,
Where all the Loves and sportive Graces rest !—
When Harriet's charms th' enamour'd Gayville mov'd,
In spite of cold advice, to own he lov'd ;
When to his arms the blushing maid was given,
I thought thee, Palmer, happier far than heaven !

Lo ! Drury's POPE ! with wond'rous humour blest'd,
In comic scenes thy merit stands confess'd ;

The intriguing chambermaid, the antique belle,
 (Who, as old proverbs say, leads apes in hell)
 Are thine alone; in Mrs. Candour's part
 You deal out scandal charmingly by heart;
 When affectation prompts the vulgar dame
 To put on airs, you just applause may claim;
 In Burgoyne's Heiress you such praises drew,
 Praises so great as are bestow'd on few.

With all those graces taught in Fashion's school,
 Easy through nature, elegant by rule,
 See ABINGTON! the standard of perfection rare!
 This lady actress sure must claim the chair:
 A warmer glow she o'er the portraits threw
 Of Teazle, Charlotte, Roxalana, Prue.
 Bold is that man who dares thy powers disown,
 When in all parties Abington's the son!
 Fashion's gay circle would detest his name,
 And Mrs. H——t *oh quelle vère!* exclaim.
 How very charming! is not she, my dears?
 Says fond mama, when Abington appears.
 Cries chattering Miss, "How prettily she's dress'd!"
 "That suit was Lady Frances's, I protest!"

" You must mistake, my dear, upon my word,
 " Impossible ! at sixty-five, it's quite absurd."
 By one false throw depriv'd of all her riches,
 She, like a prudent housewife, clapt on breeches ;
 In Sullen's service she receiv'd full pay,
 Comb'd his peruke, and Scrubb'd her debts away.

Crown'd with those smiles that beam on Hebe's cheek,
 And from their force the inward mirth bespeak,
 See sprightly JORDAN ! midst Thalia's band,
 Bold thro' success, the wish'd-for prize demand.
 Oft have I seen thee, mark'd thy matchless skill
 Thro' the sad soul the precious balm distil ;
 What true delight through ev'ry line we feel !
 That roguish leer would burst e'en ribs of steel !
 When Pitt thro' some dire chance hath lost the day,
 I've seen thy humour drive his cares away ;
 Of laughter's richest cream we chew the cud,
 When Peggy's tricks deceive her poor dear Bud ;
 In Hoyden, Abington to thee must yield,
 And leave thee solely mistress of the field ;
 Th' united roar no audience can resist,
 When at poor little Wat you clinch your fist ;

How much delight is seen in every feature,
 When you exclaim, "Oh, fie! you wicked creature!"—
 If Thalia's children could obtain the prize,
 Jordan superior to her sex would rise.

Now, last of all, with slow but graceful tread,
 With all her bright perfections on her head,
 The matchless SIDDONS comes! the Queen of Tears!
 A solemn silence reigns when she appears.
 Siddons! to paint such heaven-born pow'rs as thine,
 Justly demands an abler pen than mine:
 The noblest eloquence, majestic mien,
 Th' expressive eye thro' which the thoughts are seen,
 In thee shine forth; and, if I dar'd confess,
 No actress sure could e'er such powers possess.
 The feeling soul breaks forth in every line,
 From the lorn pathos to the great sublime;
 In every action Nature is thy friend,
 And all the passions on thy will attend.
 When hapless Biron moves thy tortur'd soul,
 What maddening sorrows in thy bosom roll!
 When Edward's Shore, by tyrant Glo'ter's doom,
 Half starv'd is sent to seek an early tomb,

Thy

Thy fate th' unthinking fair might surely move in well
 To dread the dire effects of lawless love;
 When Belvidera, frantic, midst her charms,
 Expires in a forgiving parent's arms,
 The pangs of death in every scream we feel,
 Thy smile of woe would burst a heart of steel,
 Some empty minds to thee due praise deny;
 Others commend thee, but they know not why.
 Faults you must have—but then thy merits rise
 So far above them, their remembrance dies.—
 Whilst on the stage we own thy powerful sway,
 Unerring virtue still directs your way;
 Securely guards, thro' each great scene of life,
 The tender mother, and the constant wife,
 When time's swift wing your being here destroys,
 You'll add to earthly treasures, heavenly joys;
 When full in years you quit this frail abode,
 Seraphic choirs will tune you to your God.—
 Colman confesses thy superior claims,
 And from his seat (by joint assent) proclaims,
 That you, great SIDDONS! must possess the chair,
 Nor quit it, till thou'st placed an equal there.